Treat

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Treat

by TigerPrawn

Summary

Short Fic for #SpookySlick Fest 2020
~~Bonding / Bondage~~ / Kidnap

Suffering heat sickness, Will is in need of an alpha. Hannibal sees this as Jack's chance to help Will Graham.

Notes

NB: Dub-con - I tagged this because although Jack is kidnapped with the intention of forcing him to have sex with Will, however he is up for it. Possibly because he feels he owes Will, so maybe it's dub-con?

When Hannibal had suggested, many months ago now, that they find an alpha, Will had been reticent.

He only wanted Hannibal, after everything. After all they had been through. He didn't want another person's hands on him. But equally, he knew Hannibal was right.

Hannibal hadn't been so troubled by his heats. Being a little older, they were less frequent. And years of managing them on his own, meant that Will's omega cock and a few well chosen knotting toys, were satisfactory. But for Will, after years of regular attendance at heat clinics, the same could not be said.

Hannibal had tried so desperately to satisfy Will, but after each heat Will had become more irritable and wan. Without an alpha to knot him, scent him, otherwise gentle him, Will's mental and physical health was beginning to deteriorate.

Of course, Will knew, this could have been avoided had he considered years ago that the reason he didn't want to take an alpha mate was because he was attracted to omegas. But this had never arisen before meeting Hannibal and the realisation had struck. As for Hannibal, knowing that he wasn't exclusively attracted to alphas meant that he had taken the sensible steps to ensure his body was satisfied without the need for an alpha.

For Will, years upon years of enduring the attentions of alphas assigned by his heat clinic, had done him long term harm.

They were on the run now, and so a heat clinic was out of the question and knotting toys had become unsatisfactory several heats ago.

Now his heat was due, preheat already having set in, and the thought of it made Will sick to his stomach.

Hannibal's solution, of finding an alpha to share it with, sounded better by the day. And yet, Will felt just as sick at the idea of being touched by a complete stranger, even if Hannibal was right there with him.

"Where are you going?" Will asked, unsure he wanted to know.

They were booked into a rundown old motel under assumed names and fake credit cards. After over two years of living in total obscurity in Cuba, they were now in a major city back on US soil. It made Will feel uneasy, on top of his already present discomfort.

“We’re having an old friend for dinner,” Hannibal responded with barely contained glee at his own joke.

Will rolled his eyes but then stopped, “Wait. What are you planning?”

Hannibal was dressed for Halloween, a perfect disguise in that the gnarly old man prosthesis obscured his identity. A perfect time for Will’s heat to hit - a time when it was perfectly acceptable to be out and about in a disguise.

“Do you trust me, Will?” Hannibal asked with a smile that said he should know better than to do so.

Will cocked an eyebrow.

Hannibal chuckled and let himself out of the motel room, leaving Will to descend little by little into his heat.

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Will came around to find Hannibal sat on the end of the bed.

“How long was I out?” Will rasped through a dry throat as he tried to reach for the glass of water on the bedside.

“We’ve been back twenty minutes, and you were deeply under then.” Hannibal replied softly and Will was surprised that he remained on the end of the bed facing away from him. Tense.

Will nodded and sat up, not too bad. He’d been having these episodes the last couple of heats, his body just shutting down with the exertion of it all.

When Will sat he could see over Hannibal’s shoulder and to the chair in the corner of the room. And there, tied with ropes, sat a man wearing a werewolf mask.

“Who is that Hannibal?” Will asked, then swallowed hard. He didn’t want to breathe in the scent to know for himself, though he already had a fair idea. There had only been one person that Hannibal still commented about regularly. And he knew exactly the reason why.

As if putting voice to Will’s thoughts, Hannibal spoke.

“I saw the way he looked at you.” Hannibal began, and the alpha in the chair grunted and tried to pull and his bindings.

Just coming to, Will realised, after having been knocked out and brought here. Kidnapped.

“Had Bella not been in the picture, or had he been a less honourable man, I wonder if he might have made his little crush known.” The way Hannibal said the word *crush* was a clear

indication of how he considered anyone else's design on Will - real or imagined - to be nothing more than childish nonsense compared to his own burning passion.

"Hannibal," Will's tone held a warning. "This isn't the time for you to be settling imagined scores. I need-"

"I know what you need," Hannibal whirled on him and the anger and despair in the omega's eyes was painful. It hurt more than just his ego not to be able to be what Will needed.

There was silence for a moment, other than the panting coming from the alpha. The fear was coming off him in waves, and Will couldn't blame him. He knew what both Hannibal and Will were capable of, and right now he was tied to a chair in their motel room.

Hannibal cleared his throat, "Jack will see you through this heat, and that will buy us some time."

At that the alpha strained the chair, fighting against the bonds and making muffled sounds from behind his mask. Evidently gagged.

Hannibal's jaw tightened and Will wasn't sure he'd ever seen him this tense before. "Quiet Jack, don't act as though you wouldn't be amenable to bedding my mate."

Another outraged cry from the alpha had Hannibal striding towards him. He pulled off the mask to reveal underneath Jack Crawford's glowering expression. His mouth had been gagged, he looked harried and had a clear ligature mark around his neck.

For a moment the pendulum swung and Will could see how Hannibal did it.

Hannibal had tracked the alpha to a Halloween party, one he likely was reluctant to go to but since Bella's death and his forced retirement, he'd wanted to get out and meet people. Try to build a new life and semblance of normalcy, away from all the darkness in his past.

Party goers might have made conversation, asking him why he wasn't wearing something scary and he shrugs. But deep down it's because nothing is as scary as the shit he lived the last few years at the BAU. He'd point to the throwaway fangs, the little effort he had made and hope they don't push him on it.

He would have seen Lecter across the room at the house party full of costumed strangers. Perhaps not recognising him at first, as most wouldn't. But then he would, because he knew Hannibal well enough. The man still haunted his dreams.

Then Lecter was gone. Jack wouldn't know where until later, as he searched the kitchen and then out into the yard. Then he felt the cord around his neck and it was too late.

Jack was dressed all in black, a t-shirt rather than the dress shirts Will was used to seeing him in. The blood at the corner of his mouth was fake, and Will figured he'd dressed as a vampire. Low key and low effort but still involving himself enough in the festivities as necessary.

Hannibal had acquired and put on the werewolf mask as a cover, gagging him first.

He was growling at them through the gag, his eyes flicking between Will and Hannibal. His anger palpable. As he tried to shake free of the gag, Hannibal finally stood and walked to him, he pulled it from his mouth and waited.

“You could have kidnapped any alpha, you didn’t need to come back here. Why me?” Jack spat the words, his eyes burning with rage and… something else.

Hannibal smiled, an unsettling smirk, “I didn’t want to expose Will to a stranger. He knows you, he knows your pains and your triumphs, you won’t overwhelm him. And…” Hannibal trailed off as though considering whether to voice the next thought. “And I knew you would be gentle with him. You know how Will needs to be treated, and despite the ways you’ve pushed him in the past, I trust you to treat him how he needs. And you know me well enough to know that I will make you pay if you do not.”

The last was added as a growl and it made Will wet, his slick leaking copiously at the way his lover took care of him. And, as his heat started to fully descend, the thought of being knotted by an alpha.

“This is fucked up,” Will muttered all the same and Jack huffed his agreement.

“And after? You’re just going to let me go?” Jack eyed Hannibal suspiciously.

Hannibal cocked his head, “Perhaps. If you behave, then I don’t see why we can’t leave you here for someone to find once we’re long gone. But if you misbehave, if you try to escape or try to hurt Will, I will snap your neck before you can reach the door.”

Will couldn’t help the involuntary whimper he let out at Hannibal’s words, and he didn’t miss the way Jack’s breath hitched at the scent of Will’s arousal.

And neither did Hannibal, who let out a soft chuckle.

“I think you might be more amenable than you want us to believe, alpha.” Hannibal said, a smooth rumble as he stepped closer again and then leaned over Jack. He breathed in his scent and set his hand on the alpha’s crotch.

At that Jack winced and closed his eyes, he shook his head. And then he moaned.

“Fuck,” Jack grunted.

When he opened his eyes again they were filled with lust. And Will realised that Hannibal was right, there had always been something of an echo of that there. Will wasn’t so oblivious as to not know how alphas looked at him, whether they attempted to act on it or not. And yet, Jack’s interest seemed to have passed him by.

“If I untie you will you be a good boy?” Hannibal asked, palming Jack’s cock through his dark pants. The growing bulge there was unmistakable and it made Will’s mouth water.

“And if I refuse?” Jack asked, his voice breaking over the words as he looked longingly at Will.

It had been a while, that was clear. Will wondered whether the alpha had been with anyone since Bella passed.

“You won’t,” Hannibal replied, Jack and Will’s eyes locked. “I can scent your arousal. You want to help him, don’t you Jack. There were so many times when you were working Will to the edge of his breaking point, that you wished you weren’t. That you wanted to keep him safe. I really believe that Jack. That, deep down, you wanted to keep him safe, but it was either Will, or all the people he could save.” Hannibal spoke softly, Jack panting as he listened, his eyes still fixed on Will. “You can help him now Jack.”

Hannibal stood and reached out his hand to Will.

Will swallowed and then rose, taking Hannibal’s hand as he led him forward to stand before the kidnapped and bound alpha that had once been his boss.

Will understood why Jack had been the way he had with him. He might not have liked it, especially when he felt like his brain was on fire, but he understood why Jack had kept pushing him.

“I forgive you,” Will said quietly, at which Jack squeezed his eyes shut and looked away.

Because of course Will forgave him. If he could live with everything Hanibal had done, with everything he himself had done, then he could certainly live with what Jack had done. The alpha was arguably the most selfless of them all in this.

“If I untie you Jack, you must promise to be good,” Hannibal reminded the alpha.

Jack looked back at Will then and nodded. “I’ll do it. I’ll take care of you, Will.”

As Hannibal moved behind Jack to untie his bonds, Will slowly straddled the alphas lap, lowering himself down. And as Jack's hands became free, he slid them up Will’s back, holding him there. Gentling him.

“I’ll be a good alpha for you, Will.” Jack promised, his words soft. “Just take what you need.”

Will nodded and began to move, a shallow rut against the alpha’s thick and hard cock. Even with the clothes between them, Will could feel the man’s knot already starting to grow. And he wondered if Jack could feel how wet he was.

One of Jack’s hands went to the back of Will’s neck and pressed him forward, their mouths almost coming together when Hannibal let out a sharp growl, his hand sliding between them and gripping Jack’s throat.

“No. No kissing.”

Will couldn’t help but look up at his mate adoringly, enjoying his possessiveness as he always did.

Hannibal released Jack’s throat and with a cough the alpha nodded, “Okay, no kissing.”

“Hannibal,” Will whimpered, his slick copious now. He needed to be filled and knotted, but as ever he wanted Hannibal.

“Shh,” Hannibal hushed, “I’ve got you my darling boy.”

Hannibal helped Will up off of Jack’s lap, pulling him back towards the bed as he helped shed his clothes. Will noted the sharp look over his shoulder and the command Jack had read there, and a moment later the alpha was on his feet and undressing.

Will breathed in a deep, shuddering breath. His body was aching for an alpha, but his mind and soul wanted only Hannibal.

There felt something strange and distant about watching the alpha undress.

Jack had clearly been working out since Bella passed. He was in good shape and looked well kempt. His cock stood proud and erect, a good size for an alpha and with the swell of a knot already there.

Will couldn’t help the way his body responded as Hannibal lay him down on the bed and he spread his legs wide.

“Fuck,” Jack growled. He started to slowly fist his cock as he walked towards the bed, his eyes trained on Will’s slick sex, waiting to be filled.

“Look at me darling.” Hannibal encouraged, hooking a finger under Will’s chin and guiding him.

Their mouths met in a hungry kiss, one that Will whimpered into as Hannibal took hold of Will's omega cock and began pumping it.

He was breathless and needy. Yet already just the presence of an alphan scent was making Will feel more relaxed and calm than he had for many previous years. Making his now descending heat feel less like poison in his veins.

“Will,” Jack whispered reverently, and he could feel the alpha’s hands brush up his thighs. Spread his legs wider. And then two fingers slid into him and he arched. “You’re going to feel so good.”

At the alpha’s words, Will whimpered into Hannibal’s mouth and his mate responded with an even more passionate kiss.

Will broke the kiss to gasp, “Please Jack. Alpha.”

A moment later his fingers were gone and Jack was sliding into him, filling him beautifully. Will let out a cry and came unexpectedly just from the long anticipated sensation of taking an alpha.

With a growl, Hannibal clamped his teeth into Will's neck, not letting him forget who his mate was, even as his heat enveloped him and he could only feel the alpha satisfying his primal need.

*

Hannibal woke hours later.

He hadn't meant to fall asleep, wanting to ensure Jack did as he was told, but the sheer exhaustion overtook him.

Along with the alpha, he had been pleasuring Will for almost eleven hours straight. They had barely managed to stop for food or water, such was the need of the omega after so long without an alpha.

As well as it was going, Hannibal couldn't help but be thankful that his own practices when it came to his heat, had not left him at such a disadvantage. As much as this was to endure, at the end of it, Will's heat sickness would have subsided and they could work out a longer term treatment.

As he roused from his sleep, Hannibal realised the room was still dark, and it was actually a noise that had woken him.

He lay on the bed in his trousers, though naked from the waist up. His hair a mess and bites all over his neck and torso, all the places Will had managed to sink them in whilst he was trying not to scream on Jack's knot.

Hannibal turned his head as his eyes adjusted to the dim light.

And there Will looked the perfect image of carnal satisfaction as rode Jack, his fingers digging into the alpha's chest as he did so.

They had both been asleep whilst Hannibal had tried to remain awake, but evidently Will was awake now. He wondered if Jack had been awake too or whether he'd woken flat on his back to find the omega riding his cock.

"Hannibal," Will gasped, so quiet that he was clearly not trying to purposefully wake him. "Need you."

Jack's grunted response was positively restrained given that the omega he was working his knot into was calling another man's name. Lesser alphas would have been practically feral at it, but Jack simply tightened his hold on Will's hips and worked himself deeper.

"I'm here my darling," Hannibal replied as he moved closer to the writhing lovers.

Will purred in response, and then Jack did too. An automatic response to the purr of an omega, and Hannibal couldn't blame him. Will was divine and being inside him was heaven.

"Nearly through it," Jack managed to gasp the words out and Hannibal nodded. He could scent the change too. Will would only need to be knotted a couple more times before his heat would start to fully subside.

"Need you, Hannibal." Will moaned, doubling his efforts and making Jack wince.

“You can have me.” Hannibal replied, running a gentle hand over the sweaty base of Will’s back.

“Yes,” Will encouraged, the word coming out as a whine.

They hadn’t really discussed this, they hadn’t discussed much beyond getting an alpha to assist. But they knew each other well enough for Hannibal to know exactly what Will wanted.

Hannibal unbuttoned his trousers and pulled out his thickening cock. He stroked it to full hardness as he moved behind Will.

He knew he should probably prep Will in some way first, but even in the dim light Hannibal could see how loose Jack had fucked him. And the slick he was producing was almost beyond measure, his body working overtime to take what it had been craving.

“I’ve got you, Will.” Hannibal rumbled and then pressed his cock inside his lover, alongside the alphas.

The three of them moaned, Will’s ending in a sob.

Hannibal was certain that he’d have to pull out once Jack’s knot grew large enough to lock, but until then, he could be what his mate needed.

Will was almost flat against Jack, the alpha nuzzling into his hair, as Hannibal set their rhythm from behind.

There could be no mistaking that Hannibal would do anything for his mate.

*

When Jack woke his head was thumping.

He was hungry and dehydrated. The slither of light coming through the break in the curtain was too much and everything ached.

It took a few seconds for the last two days to come back to him. Or had it been longer?

He remembered the Halloween Party, the strange sense of being watched. The ugly man across the room who on closer inspection sent chills down his spine.

Jack huffed. He’d been fooling himself to think that he might have caught Hannibal Lecter then. Despite keeping fit, taking up tennis, he wasn’t an Agent any more, and he didn’t carry a sidearm. He shouldn’t have gone looking for the cannibal as though he did. He’d been easily overpowered, taken by surprise. He recalled the cord tightening around his neck as Hannibal whispered in his ear, “Trick or Treat.”

Jack considered he would pay the price for his stupidity. But had he?

He propped himself on his elbows and looked around the room.

It was empty, no Will, no Hannibal. No luggage and very little sign anyone had been there at all.

He was naked in the bed with the sheets pulled up to his chest and his clothes in a neat pile on the little table by the window. On the bedside table there were two bottles of water and a pre-packed sandwich.

If it wasn't for the ache in his overused knot, Jack might have thought it was all a dream.

He sat up on the bed and swung his legs over, sitting there for a moment before finally getting to his feet and walking to the table. He picked up his clothes and started to put them on. He wanted to put as much distance as he could between the omegas and himself.

Though, he was sure the same was true in return. Hannibal and Will were likely far away by now.

He hadn't paid the price he thought he would. Other than the bruising around his neck, he was uninjured. They hadn't killed him, though he'd almost made his peace with the thought that they would.

Jack allowed himself to breathe a sigh of relief as he picked up his shirt.

Away from it fluttered a small piece of paper, which the alpha reached down to pick up. He opened it carefully, a note handwritten on the motel's crass novelty Halloween stationary with purple pumpkin and green lettering reading "Trick or Treat."

Below it the note was in elegant script.

Dear Jack.
I had considered killing you. But I suppose I chose 'Treat' out of respect for how you helped my Will. Do not make me regret it.
Hannibal Lecter.

Jack let out a shuddering breath, dressed and left the motel.

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